[ficlet] Skein Shopping.

- Jun. 14th, 2011 at 12:08 PM

Title: Skein Shopping.
Fandom: Supernatural RPF/Supernatural.
Rating: G.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Richard Speight Jr +/ Gabriel.
Word Count: 648 words.
Summary: Gabriel takes Richard on a surprise shopping trip for yarn.

Note: Written for **morganoconner** as an incentive to make her write. This is the...second? SPN RPF fic I've written, probably wildly OOC, and completely silly. It's also inspired by where I was two hours ago - shopping for yarn and oil paints. :P

Richard doesn't even know what they're doing here, but it speaks volumes about how used to periodic episodes of insanity in his life he is, because he's not freaking out. Gabriel may have appeared seconds after he began to wash the dishes and immediately snapped them to the parking lot of the biggest Hobby Lobby Richard's ever seen, but Richard hasn't even made a move for his cellphone to call for help or anything.

Instead, he's helping Gabriel pick out yarn colors. It's not quite the most surreal morning he's had with Gabriel, but for every skein of yarn that ends up in the cart, the more Richard is tempted to break his self-imposed rule not to ask Gabriel about whatever it is he's planning. (The last time he asked, four unexpected trips with Gabriel ago, led to him coming down with a terrible fear of spatulas. Richard couldn't cook eggs for a *week* before he convinced Gabriel to fix it.)

An orange skein is placed in the cart next to the pink, green and rainbow colored yarns.

"What are you planning to knit?" Richard asks, curiosity finally too much to withstand.

"Crochet," Gabriel corrects. "I like the hooks better."

Richard just stares at him. Gabriel's always difficult, he knows this, but sometimes he just doesn't know what to say. It's like talking to Misha, he

thinks, only with unexpected trips to the moon thrown in, or unwanted quantities of jello in his bathtub.

"This is for a prayer shawl, if you must know," Gabriel finally says. "Well. A lot of them, actually. Want to help me make 'em?"

"N - " Richard starts.

"Actually, that's a great idea! You need more things to do with your hands, I need a large congregation's worth done in a week, it's win-win for both of us!"

"I don't know how to knit."

"I'll teach you!"

"Gabriel, I don't have time for this."

"Time-stopping superman standing in front of you, hellooo."

"I don't want to have time for this."

"You won't regret helping me with this project this time!"

Richard winces. He remembers last time. He hadn't known what he was blowing up all those balloons for, and nevermind that the rewards were fantastic: he didn't need to find out that he'd helped get a kid airborne by watching the news the evening after he'd finished.

"He came down safely and had a blast," Gabriel reminds him. He's told him this before.

"What are these prayer shawls for?" Richard asks, skipping that topic.

"Castiel's a goody two-shoes and wants me to do a good deed for once. And there's this thing called the Prayer Shawl Ministry." Gabriel looks so earnest that Richard just wants to drop the suspicion and believe that he's not pulling a prank. He'd really like to be able to trust him, but...

"And who are you giving all of these two?"

"Just a few places. The College of Cardinals, the Senate, you know."

Richard rubs his forehead. "Can't you just give them to people who would appreciate them?"

Gabriel pauses, thinking it over. Richard studies the yarn while he waits for the next awful plan.

"You're not going to help me unless it goes to people who could use 'em,

then?" Gabriel says quietly.

"I really don't want to put that much effort into making shawls for people who don't need or want them."

"Then," Gabriel rubs his chin thoughtfully. "We knit the same amount I was planning, and instead of giving them away how about you sell them at your next con and give all the proceeds to the charity of your choice?"

Richard can't help but stare. It's actually a good idea. One that's more Misha's style than his, but the fans would love it, and it's a good deed, and -

"Win-win, eh?"

"Yeah," Richard says slowly, considering the yarn seriously now. "Yeah, it is."